

WESTERN MONTANA.

The Western Montana Office of the Standard is at Room 1, Daily Block, Missoula. Telephone No. 118. Advertising rates furnished on application.

OVER IN MISSOULA

The Weather Is Much Warmer Than in These Parts.

FIRE DEPARTMENT CALLED

The Charge Against the Variety Theaters for Selling Liquor to Minors Excites Much Attention—News Notes.

Missoula, Nov. 26.—Two hack teams at the depot took fright at the engines attached to No. 1 this afternoon and ran down town. The first team to start hit the second with the pole of the hack and the two started neck and neck down the street toward town. Both hacks were badly wrecked and one of them is nearly a total loss. The other can be repaired. The teams were bruised somewhat, but the injury to them is not serious.

The fire department was called out twice to-day. The first alarm was caused by a fire that was being used to thaw out pipes and did not amount to much. The second blaze was in Morris Schlosberg's Bee Hive store this evening and at one time threatened to become serious. The fire was in the rear of the stairs and when discovered had filled the whole building with smoke. The flames were feeble but were in a place that was hard to get at, being behind goods and both on the first and second floors. The firemen went to work at first with the chemicals and then tried to use hose but the hydrant at the corner near the store would not work and the hose was taken to the corner of Higgins avenue and Front street. There was not much need of water, however, and the blaze was finally extinguished without much damage to the stock or building except from smoke. The damage from this source is serious and the entire stock is said to be injured. The loss is covered by insurance.

The weather reports from the East side read like a novel over here. The mercury has touched zero here and that is all, while across the range, according to the reports, the record has been 20 and more below. It has been cold enough here, however, and the rivers are filled with slush ice. The city was without water for a little while this morning, the trouble being caused by the pipe at the reservoir on the hill becoming filled with the thin ice which choked it. The trouble lasted but a short time and there has been no trouble since.

The closing of the variety theaters by the officers last night, as reported in the Standard to-day, has been the theme of considerable discussion to-day. The shows are running as usual to-night, the proprietors having furnished bonds for their appearance in the justice court to-morrow. The charge that is brought against them is not the one that was expected. It is that of selling liquor to minors and Mr. Reitz, who has made the accusation, has been earnest in his detection work to discover the place in this practice. He claims that he has a sure case against them, but they are equally confident that he cannot prove anything of the sort. The police, as well as the proprietors of the shows, have been energetic in their surveillance of the places to see that no minors were admitted and they are confident that there has been some mistake in the matter. The case will probably be called to-morrow.

Al Lockman had his hand cut severely at the fire this evening.

D. D. Bogart came over from Helena to spend Thanksgiving with his family.

There have been no new developments in the case of the wolves who fleeced the lamb and were in turn fleeced by another and more skillful fellow, as reported in the Standard to-day. The wolves are still looking for their \$500, but they have not found it yet.

Personal Mention.

Missoula, Nov. 26.—John Purdie has returned from the Roseland country, where he has been nearly all summer. He will remain in Montana for some time. Mr. Purdie has some promising mining interests in the Colville region and has a flourishing lumber business. He went up the Bitter Root to-day.

Mrs. W. U. Tompkins and children are the guests of O. E. Woodworth. Lieutenant Shattuck, quartermaster at Fort Missoula, is the father of a boy that arrived last evening.

WANTED—ELEPHANT FLEA.

She Came to the City With a Tin Pail With Which to Carry It Home From the Zoo.

An elderly woman, with faded shawl, old-fashioned bonnet and a brown-checked calico dress, made up in angular stiffness, stood for a long time in the elephant house at the Central Park zoo yesterday. She was evidently from the country, and with her was a slim, neatly dressed girl, who joined with her in peering at the three monster elephants. Keeper Snyder soon began to notice them, for they watched so long and patiently, and he saw that they were restless and disappointed. Thinking they would be interested in seeing an elephant perform, he put Tom through all his many tricks, but while the couple watched with admiration and awe as Tom waited and crept and played the mouth organ, this was evidently not what they were waiting for.

Finally the older woman said, timidly, as the keeper came near them:

"If you please, sir, I—I—would like an elephant—an elephant!"

"Eh? I beg pardon," said the keeper, amazed. "Do I understand that you want an elephant?"

The woman flushed as she stammered:

"Not an elephant, sir—but—but—an elephant flea."

"An—er—er—an elephant flea?" exclaimed the keeper.

"Yes, if you please, sir, and," she added, grown bolder, now that the first plunge had been made, "I've brought this to carry it in." She held up a quart tin pail, with little holes punched around the top edge. "The holes are for air, so it won't die while I carry it home," she said.

"But," said the keeper, "what can you want with an elephant flea?"

"It's for neuralgia, and I'm a great sufferer from it; and an old man told me he had heard that if I could get an elephant flea it would cure it. It's so bad that often I can't sleep, and even to speak of it now makes the terrible pain come on me."

She muffled her face in a woolen comfortable as she spoke, and at the same time held out the tin pail for the flea.

"But—but—I'm sure I'd like to oblige

you, madam, and I'm very, very sorry about your neuralgia, but—"

The younger woman spoke: "Auntie lives up in Greene county, and she's come down here just to get that flea. It's the first time she's been in this city for ten years, and I don't know what she can do if you won't give it to her."

"And you want it in this pail?" said Snyder.

"Isn't it large enough?" said the woman, taking the woolen away from her face.

"I suppose you thought that an elephant flea must be about the size of an eagle worm?" said Snyder, and at this the woman nodded.

"Like Swift expresses it," he went on, "big fleas have little fleas to bite 'em; and they, in turn, have smaller fleas, and so on ad infinitum, or something like that, eh?"

"I never heard of the gentleman you speak of, and I didn't know that it had ever been written about, but that's what I thought," said the woman. "You see, the old man told me that if I would place it on my face over the place that hurts it would hop and crawl up and down, and somehow drive away a great deal of the pain. And then it might stop and work on my face like a leech, and as soon as it would do that the neuralgia would be sure to all go away. And all I would need to do would be to keep a watching it, and drive it back to the right place if it began to get away, and follow and catch it if it hopped off. And now, won't you give me one, please, so that I can begin with it as soon as possible?"

"An elephant flea, madam, is no larger than any other kind. It is a very small thing, just like any other flea."

The woman was disappointed.

"It will need more of them, then, to make a cure, I suppose?" she said.

"But elephants at this zoo never have them, either little or big. They are often on the elephants when we first receive them from India or Africa, but when they get a scrubbing or two they get off, and in this climate, if the elephants are at all taken care of, they do not come on again."

"And so I can't take one home in my pail?" she said, sorrowfully.

"I am very sorry, but there are none. If it were fleas from monkeys that you wanted you could have all you could carry, but an elephant flea."

But the woman and her companion walked disconsolately away.

Wouldn't Allow Whiskey on the Inside.

From the Colorado Catholic.

There was a man in the Fifth Georgia regiment that by instinct or some other means, if there was any whiskey around, never failed to find it. It was a rare thing for him to stand on guard, as his friends would volunteer to stand in his place, while he was sent in search of the whiskey he rarely failed to find.

At the beginning of the war this regiment was stationed at Pensacola, Fla., where it remained for about a year, and as no enemy ever approached the days passed more like a picnic season than war. However, they had a bitter experience in the year that followed. Men who had left the plowhandles and the many other places of action in the business world were not prepared for such stagnation; consequently for lack of other employment, they made it a part of their business to evade the guard and get off something at the expense of the officers.

It was due to these annoyances, and the fact, in spite of orders to the contrary, that whiskey continued by some mysterious means, to make its way through the lines, that Colonel B. gave orders that no man be allowed to pass into camp without being searched.

The boys knew they had the man that could find it, but after that order came they saw no chance for it to be smuggled through the line. Besides, suspicion already pointed to our hero of this battle, and he was being closely watched.

The next trip out on his return our hero was duly searched, but was found to be carrying only a watermelon.

This searching went on day after day, but every time it was only a watermelon, but still the whiskey was getting into camp.

Finally a guard decided he would examine the watermelon, which revealed the fact that by removing a slice a bottle had been placed on the inside of the melon and then the slice neatly pinned back with pegs.

The whiskey was confiscated and the boys said the officers drank it.

Well, the whiskey business seemed to be at an end now, but until he could devise other methods our friend sallied out the next day to steal his accustomed watermelon.

On his previous visits to this watermelon patch he had noticed a very large melon that had been picked by a crow, and though a large hole was in one side of it, the other, it seemed, would be nice and ripe in a few days.

About the first thing he saw upon his arrival this time was a coach whip's head sticking from the cavity in the melon. Instantly an idea struck him. As he approached the snake darted back. It required but a little time and ingenuity to cut a piece of rind from another melon and to fit it in the hole in the one containing the snake. Then he shouldered it and struck a line for camp.

"Thought you would say that same dodge again to-day, did you?"

"But there is no whiskey in this melon."

"Big plug in it, though. 'Guess you had better leave it."

He was forced to leave the melon, but he decided to watch for developments. The fact that whiskey the day before had been found in a melon had been made known, so when this melon was sent to the colonel's tent he, without suspicion, ordered one of his officers to cut it.

"Colonel," said he, "some fellow has taken a terrible plug out of it," and at the same time he pulled it out the snake was liberated, and in an instant was coiled about the colonel's feet. It is not necessary to relate the scene that followed, but still whiskey was smuggled across the line.

She Wanted Something New.

From the New York World.

"George," she whispered, as she crept closer and placed her right auricular against his left hand, second-story vest pocket. "George, I want to ask you a question—a very important one: Why do you allude to papa as a pirate? Surely you must have some good reason for doing so."

"I have, indeed," responded George, with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes; pirates board people, you know, and I expect your father, if my plan works all right, to eventually board me. See."

"Oh, how clever you are, George! Do you know, I was awfully afraid you were going to get off that ancient chestnut about his being such an old freebooter; and I'm so glad you didn't, because all the fellows I've had for five years past have said that, and I was longing for something new."

And with a contented little sigh she inserted her northwest ear deeper than ever in George's upper left-hand vest pocket and settled down for the evening.

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THEY'RE A BIT SHY

One on Park County's Committee Not Quite Even.

A SIGN OF GOOD TIMES

It Came Upon the County Treasurer in a Novel Way—Livingston's Obit of Minor Notes.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Livingston, Nov. 25.—The financial statements of the republican and democratic central committees have been filed with the county clerk by the respective chairmen, C. S. Hefferlin and Maurice Roth. The republican committee collected \$343 in assessments upon the candidates, all of which they paid out, and are in the hole to the tune of \$174 more. The assessments paid into the democratic fund foot up \$265 and the committee comes out with even balances and no existing obligations.

The first evidences that this city is in the direct pathway of the much advertised wave of prosperity are discernible in a little incident which happened at the county treasurer's office recently. It is known that some men never pay any taxes at all, others evade the payment as much and as often as they can, some are forced to allow their property to be sold for taxes, and many there are who are "Johnny-on-the-spot" at the proper time. Not many instances, however, are recorded where people are determined to pay their taxes twice in the same year, but Treasurer Holliday has run across a case of this kind. A New York man paid his taxes in Park county some two weeks ago and was sent a receipt therefor. Promptly it was sent back to the treasurer and accompanying it was a second remittance for the amount of the taxes for which the receipt was sent. County Treasurer Holliday thinks he has struck a soft snap and will forward the same receipt again to New York and expects thereby to establish an endless chain and work the New York sucker to a finish.

The frequenters of Ransom & Burg's place were treated to some remarkable exhibitions of feats of strength Monday and Tuesday evenings. The performer was Prof. Joseph McMillan, who started out from San Francisco 18 months ago with only a paper suit of clothes to his back, with the purpose of visiting every state in the union and return to Frisco in two years with \$2,000 made on the trip. A purse of \$6,000 awaits him if he succeeds in the undertaking, and of this he has now no doubt. He is a man of wonderful muscular development and breaks bars of steel and iron seemingly as easily as an ordinary person could if they were of wood. One of his best feats was the placing of a heavy rock on his head and allowing it to be broken by an assistant striking the rock with a heavy sledge hammer.

Articles of incorporation of the Taylor Mercantile company have been filed here with the county clerk. The object of the company is to carry on a general merchandise business at Horr. The incorporators are L. E. Taylor, L. S. Taylor and H. S. Thurber. The capital stock consists of 1,000 shares of the par value of \$1 each.

Fireman Peter McClellan, who was struck in the head by a mail crane while passing the Park City station, was a victim of the accident at Mission last spring, when Engineer Fanning was killed. Reports from Billings state that the injured man has been unconscious most of the day and little hopes are entertained of his recovery. A blinding snow storm was in progress at the time of the accident, which accounts for McClellan's inability to discover the projecting crane in time to avoid the blow. He was to have been married soon to a young lady of this city, who has gone to Billings to be in attendance at his bedside.

Captain George S. Anderson, superintendent of the Yellowstone National park, came down from Fort Yellowstone yesterday and left for St. Paul to spend Thanksgiving with relatives in that city. He reports heavy snows in the park.

Attachments have been placed upon the property of the United States Treasury company at Cooke City to secure labor claims aggregating about \$1,000.

BUTCHER WEYLER.

He Murdered 800 Peaceful People in or Near the Rubi Mountains.

Key West, Fla., Nov. 25.—Passengers from Havana report that General Weyler returned to Havana yesterday and that his entrance was made without demonstration on the part of the people, but was cold and bitter. General Weyler reports he was unable to find Maceo. The rebels have captured the town of Las Tunas in Puerto Principe. Weyler's troops were terrorized at his cruelty and barbarity in or near the Rubi mountains. He killed and butchered 800 peaceful people, women and children included. Hundreds of families, concentrated in a town in the province of Pinar del Rio, have died of fever and misery.

Flood Does the Nice Thing.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 25.—Hon. H. D. Flood, democrat, has declined the certificate of election from the Tenth district, which was awarded him on account of clerical irregularities in certifying the vote of Buckingham county. The certificate will be given to Jacob Yost, republican, who carried the district by 147 votes.

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The Anaconda Standard has a staff and branch offices in Butte, Great Falls and Missoula and special correspondents in every city of importance west of the Missouri river.

The Anaconda Standard is the only newspaper in the West operating a special daily train service to facilitate distribution.

The Anaconda Standard is a family newspaper, and can be found in almost every home in Montana, Idaho, Eastern Washington and Northern Wyoming.

"In all the states of the Far West and the Pacific Slope, consisting of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, there are but 11 other daily papers credited with so large an issue as is accorded to the Anaconda Standard.—Rowell's American Newspaper Directory.